

# THE GREENBOOK

1946

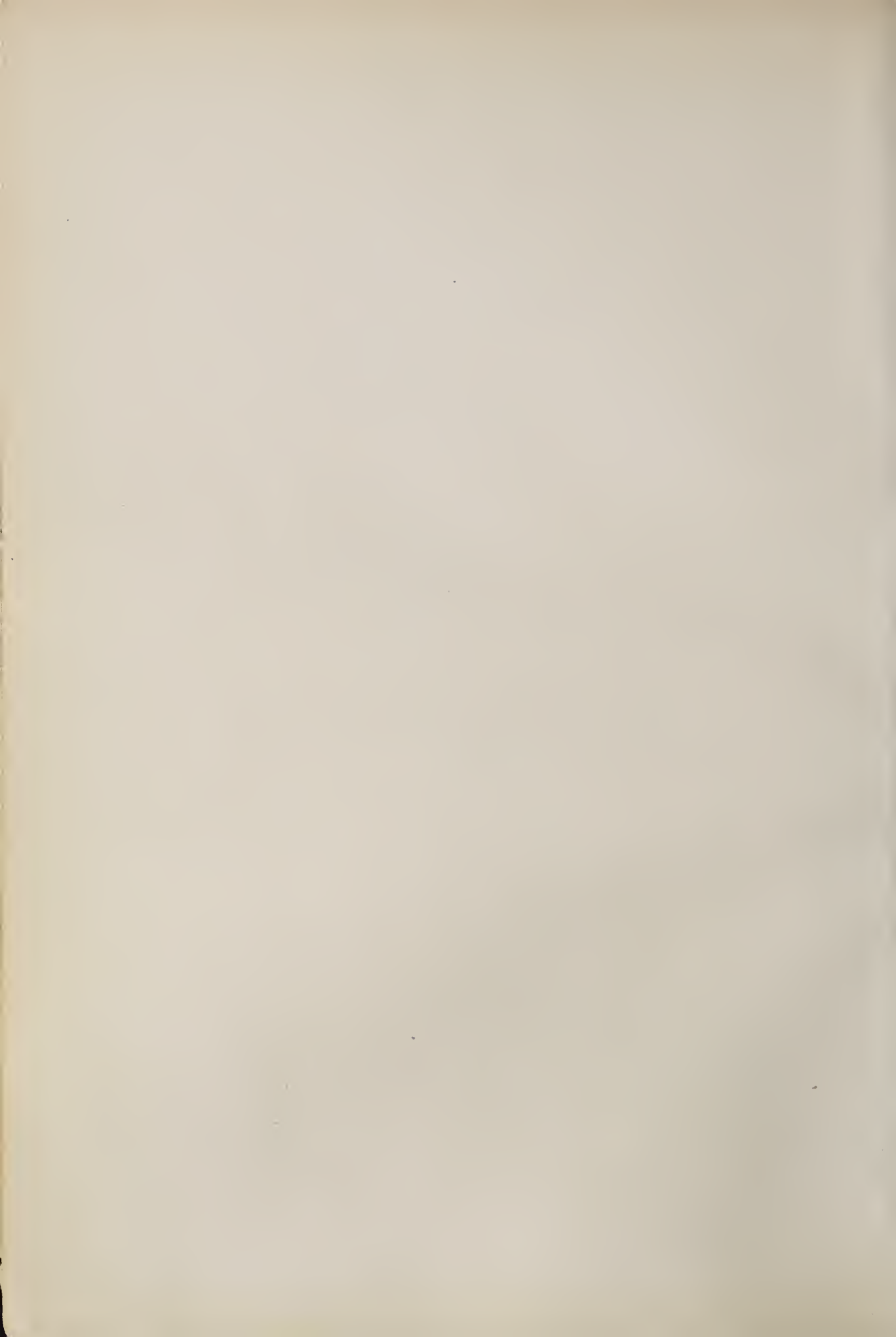


















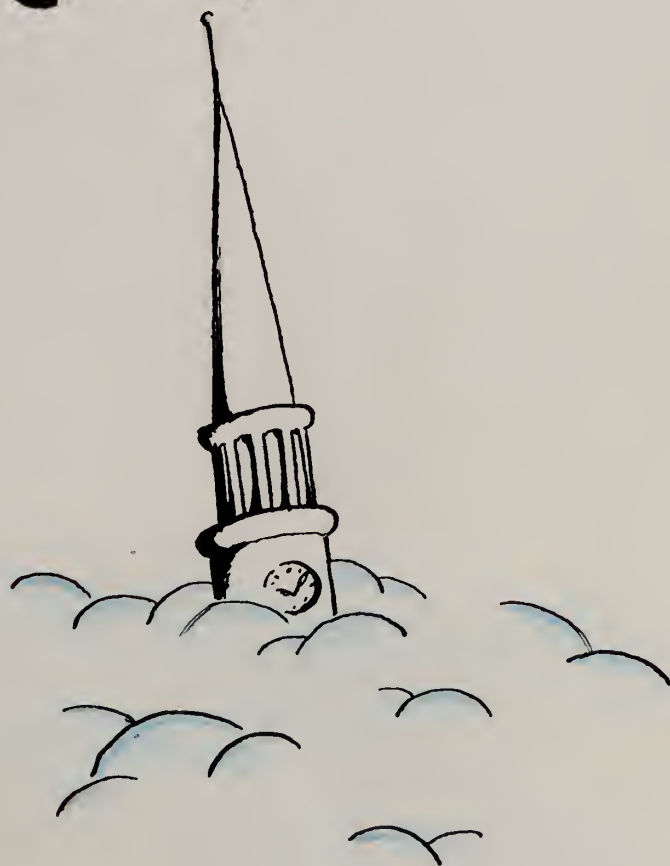




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*The*  
GREENBOOK



1946















# FOREWORD

CHALLENGED BY THE  
NEED OF THEIR AGE AND BY  
THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL  
OF CHRIST TO MEET THAT  
NEED, THE FRESHMAN CLASS  
OF 1946 HAVE CHOSEN FOR  
THEIR GREENBOOK THE THEME  
"BUILDING THE CHURCH  
of  
TOMORROW"







# Dedication



To one who takes a vital, kindly interest in our problems;

whose wholehearted spirit and flashes of humor help  
us to keep our perspective;

who through his strong Christian character and un-  
swerving loyalty to God and man inspires us to  
greater service;

who through his scholarly and sympathetic ministry  
is contributing so largely to our building of the  
Church of Tomorrow,

To our friend and pastor,

DR. J. GLENN GOULD

we sincerely dedicate this

1946 GREEN BOOK







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# Editorial

Many young people over our land think of the church only in terms of a small white building with its hard, straight seats and crude pulpit, or of a magnificent structure with its pillars and stained glass windows. The church should signify more than simply material things; the church is really a collective body of Christian people who are wholly devoted to Jesus Christ and His ideals.

At no time in the history of the world has this Church of God flung out such a challenge as it has in this pleasure-seeking, Christ-rejecting age. It is up to us as Christian young people from E.N.C. to do our best to build the Church of Tomorrow as strong and powerful as we know how.

Before we can build, however, there must be a solid foundation which is Jesus Christ. When the storms come and the winds blow we need not fear, for our church is builded on the solid rock, Christ Jesus.

God has supplied us with the materials and tools with which to work. He has given us talents, but it is our responsibility to develop them. He has given us the Written Word to take as our guide, but it is up to us to follow it. He has granted us the privilege of prayer, but we must take advantage of it if we are to build a church that will stand the storms, and be worthy to meet the challenge of the confusion and uncertainty of our day.

As we look back over this recent year we can see definite progress that we have made in fulfilling our task of building this future church. By constantly associating with other people, we have been learning the art of getting along with them. We have begun to realize the



importance of taking Christ into our every day's activities, whether it be in a basketball game, a Friday night program, or at the dinner table.

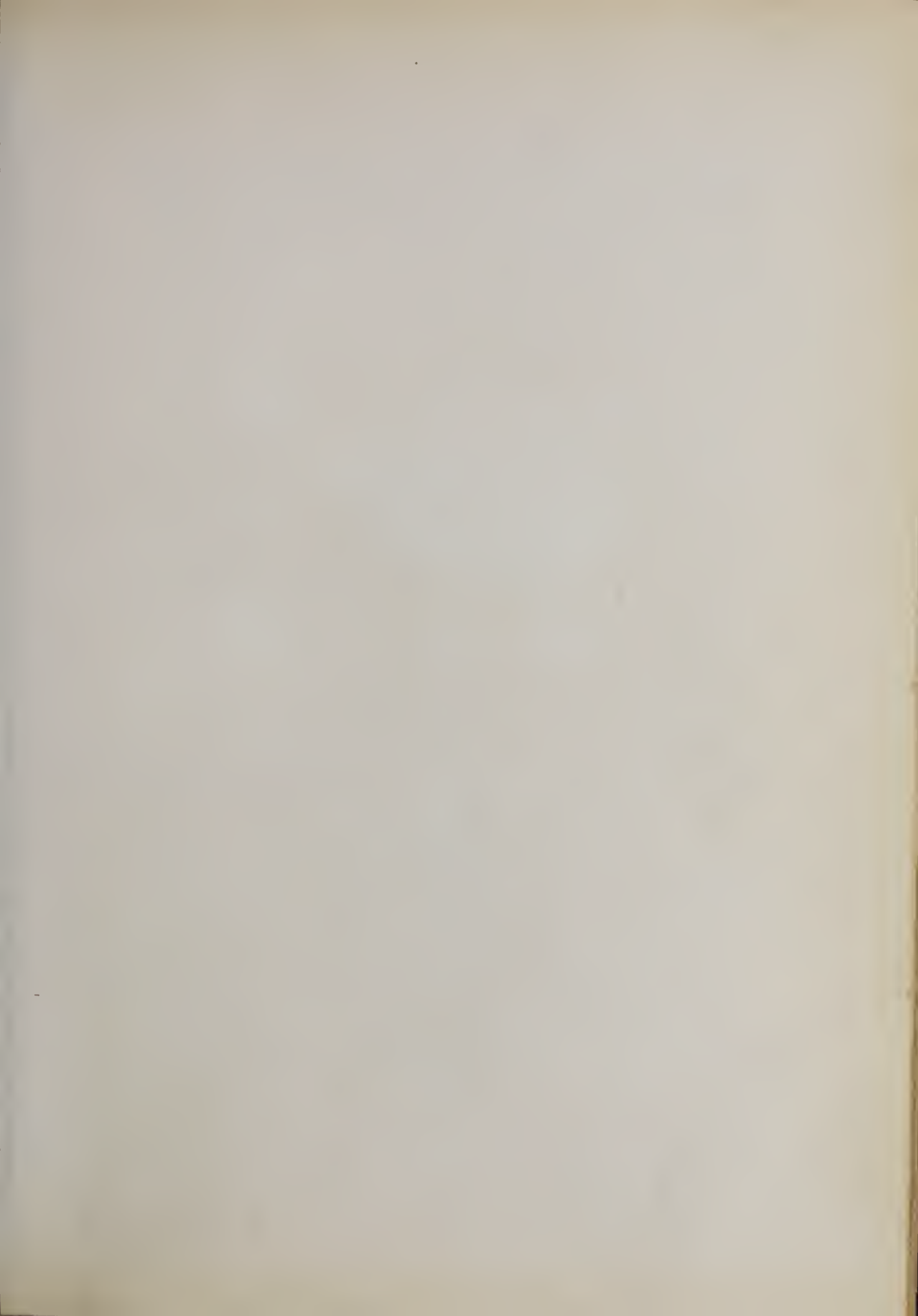
Because we want a background of understanding with which to deal with people, and since we have begun to realize that wisdom is an outstanding virtue in helping to solve other peoples' problems, we have been endeavoring to approach our classes with more seriousness and willingness to learn. Also, since coming to E.N.C. we have tried to plant our feet on a firm spiritual foundation, and in doing this we have been made conscious that our Church of Tomorrow must be spirit-filled and essentially God possessed. Only as we feel the necessity of giving God the preeminence in our lives here at E.N.C. shall we be sure that He will hold His rightful place in the Church of Tomorrow.

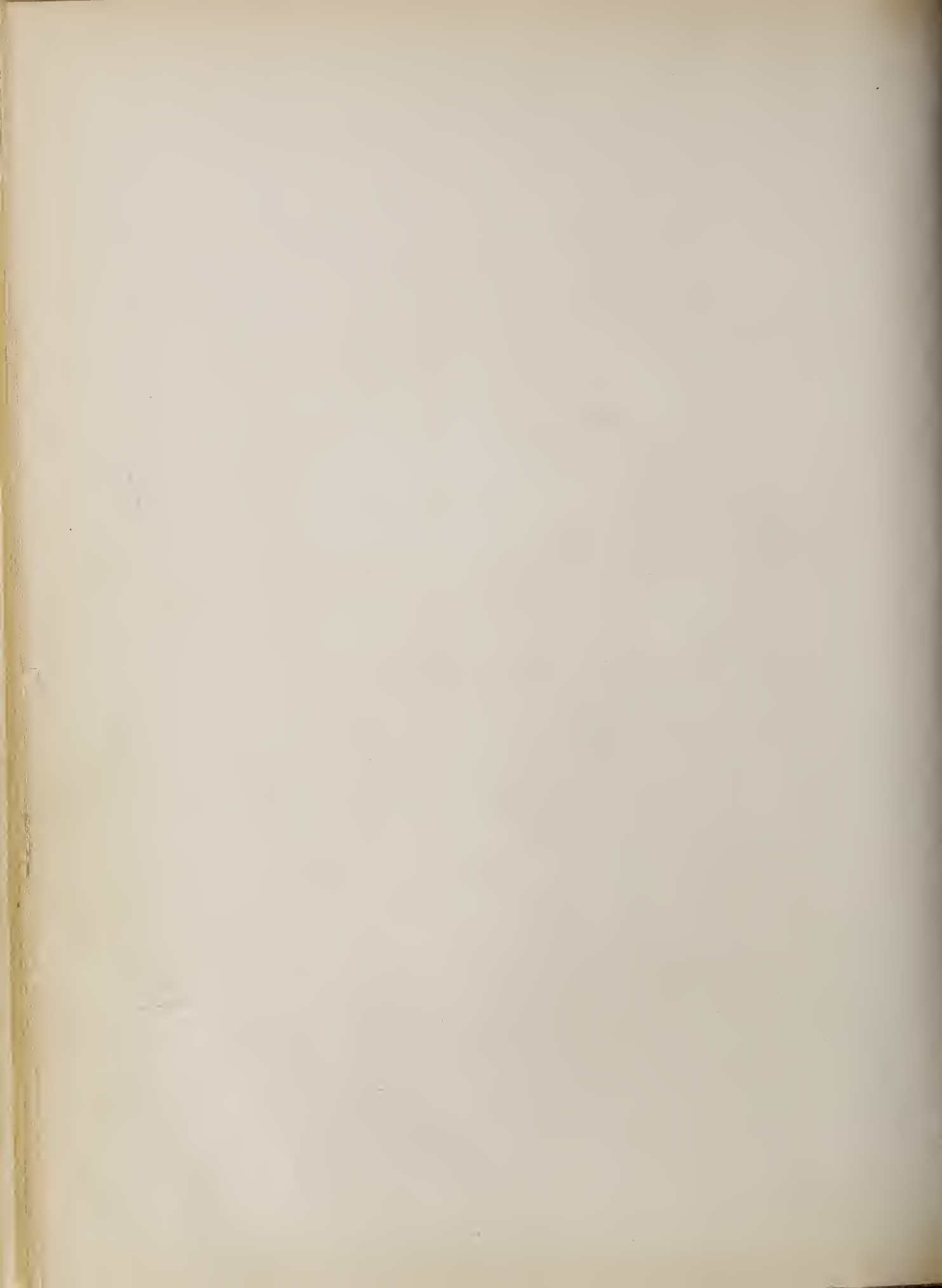
This is our opportunity. If we as Christian young people shun it, we are shunning our responsibility to Christ and to the church. If with sincerity we prepare now to fill our future place, whether it be as a missionary, minister, or layman, the Church of Tomorrow will not fail.

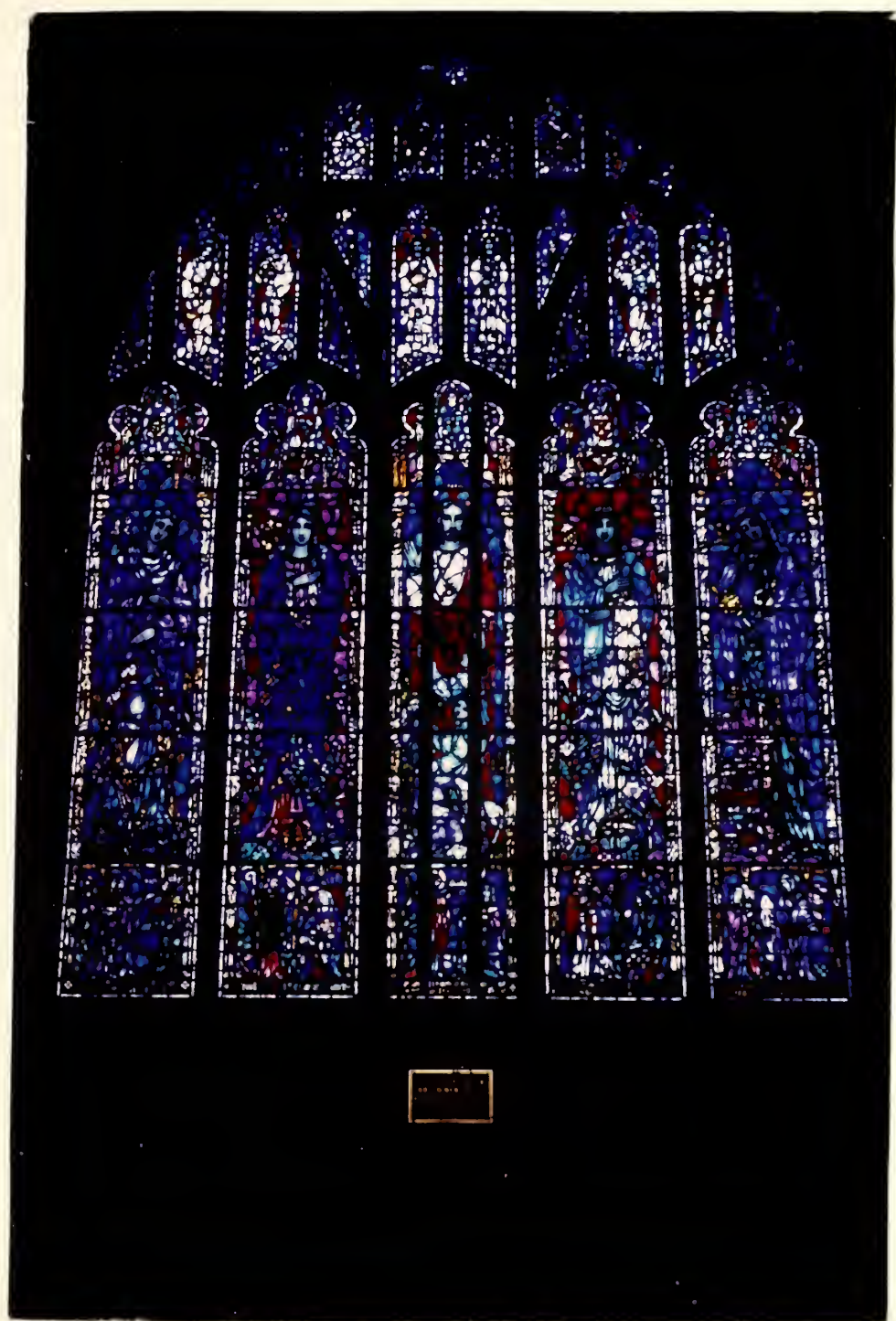
*Barbara Greene*









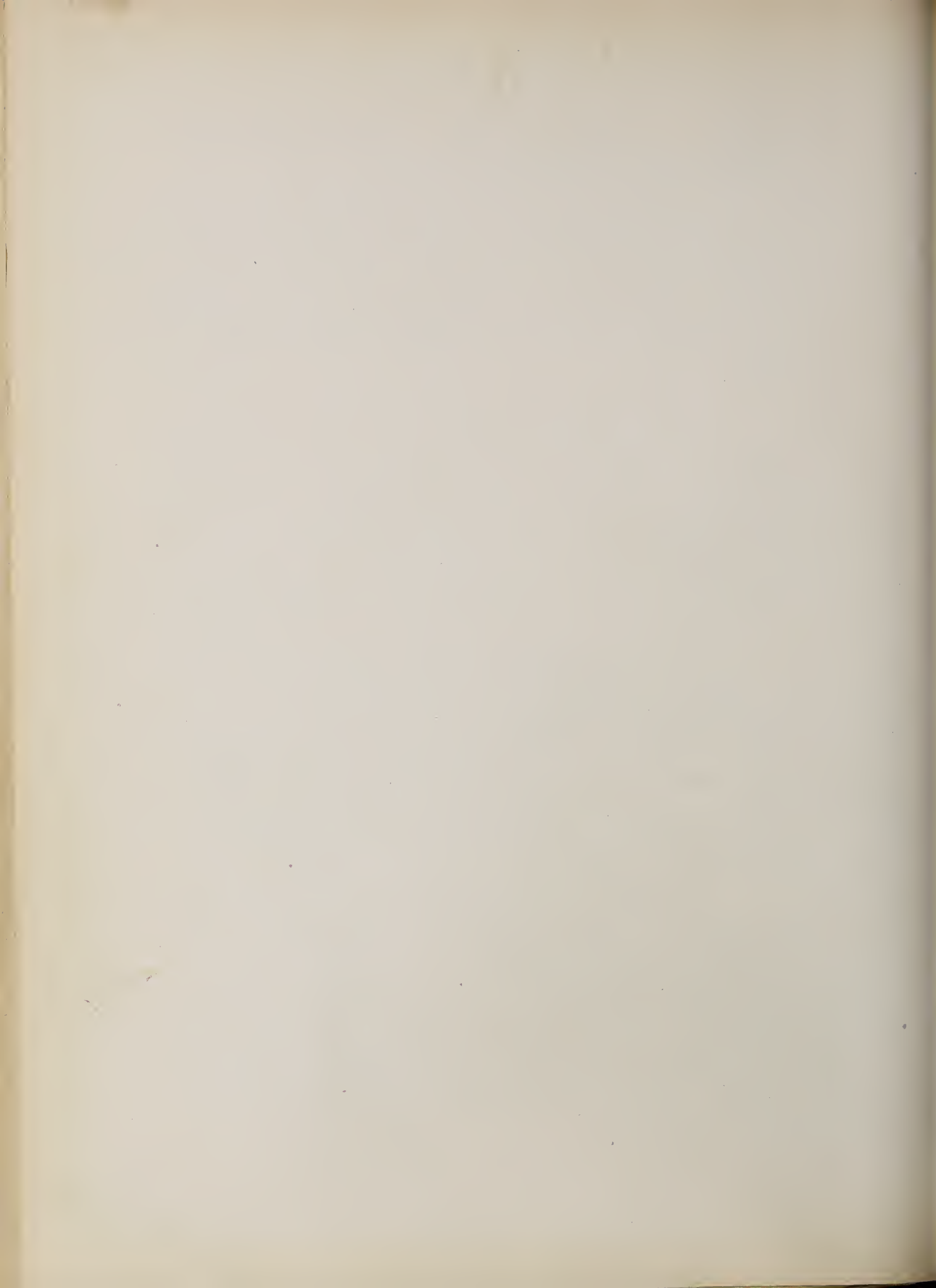


*Kodak Minicolor Print*

# Religious

"Seek ye first...."





sured that while passing through it, God will shelter and guard him. This knowledge produces a calm, poised spirit when other travelers fail by the way.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my strength in whom I will trust." For the weary traveler, God is a rock to protect him from the glare of the noon-day sun. Beneath it he can rest in the cool shadows, and when he is ready to go forward again, he leaves refreshed in body and soul. When the enemy buffets him upon the way, he can flee to this divine fortress and there find deliverance. He will receive new strength for the tasks of the day and a renewed determination ever to trust the Lord.

Sometimes the Christian finds it necessary to get away from everybody and meditate upon God and matters that concern His kingdom. "Thou art my hiding place." In this secret abode man draws nigh to his Creator and finds the communion and peace which meet the desires of his heart.

In the darkness of a sinful world, these words bring comfort: "The Lord is my light and my salvation." The brightest illumination ever to shine upon one's pathway is the divine light; and though its great brilliance may not always reach through, yet the Christian has this constant assurance: "He is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my pathway."

So it is that throughout the entire book of Psalms there runs this vein of pure gold: God provides everything a Christian needs to be sure of an eternal home with Him. Outside of God is eternal doom, but within His fold is eternal salvation.

*Noame Newton*





# Why Cannot I follow Thee Now?

"Peter said unto Him, 'Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?'"

Have you ever wondered why you could not do something you wanted to do? Has there ever been a time when opportunity seemed to be knocking, and you could not accept the challenge? When all is dark and you can see no way out, just wait. God will make the way clear.

A dark place may come before you are sanctified to teach you the meaning of sanctification, or after you are sanctified to teach you the meaning of service. When the dark place comes, God is not leading you out but is waiting until some lesson has been learned or some sign of your loyalty to Him has been manifested. God's will may be difficult for you to find. He may want you to break a friendship, alter some habits, or change your work. Pray and wait upon God until His will is made plain. If you put your trust in Him, He will work things out in His own time and way for your benefit.

God never forsakes those who put their trust in Him --- we are the ones who forsake God. When a dark place comes into our lives, we begin to complain and feel that God has left us, that He is not concerned about what happens to us any more. We make hasty decisions that mean only heartache and disappointment for us later. How much better if we would let God lead!

When we are sanctified, we consecrate our lives, our talents, and all that we possess. But many go back and take their sacrifices off the altar and then wonder why God sends darkness into their lives, why they are unable to follow Him. Do not complain when corrected, for it is written in the Word that God chastizes those whom He loves.

Only as we wait upon God can we follow Him. A prayer today





and a prayer several days later will never keep us close enough to Him to know where He is leading. We are told to be constant in prayer. If we would know God's will for us and keep in close contact with Him, our prayers must be daily, hourly. Need we pray about the smallest of our actions? Yes, indeed, for often neglect of the small details in life causes a person to fail to find his life's destiny.

God has a mission for each one of us, and only as we commune with Him can we discover that mission. If we can say from our hearts with Peter, "I will lay down my life for thy sake," we need never ask the question, "Why cannot I follow thee now?" We will be able to see God's will for us from day to day. The Christian's life is a daily walk with God.

*Winnifred West*





# The future Church

What is the church of tomorrow? Who shall be its leaders? What is its responsibility? Am I going to make a contribution to its welfare? Is the church meeting the demand for spiritual living? These vital questions could demand much of our most careful consideration and concern. We are too apt to accept the church as being something far off and remote, and we fail to recognize its nearness.

What is the future church? The future church is you and I and everyone else who has a desire to see the work of God prosper and expand. If the church is going to be spiritual, then you and I must be spiritual. The future church offers a glorious challenge to any Christian. We who call ourselves Christians must accept that challenge with a zeal and a determination that shall not be daunted. We are the church of tomorrow and we are responsible for its spiritual condition.

Who shall be the leaders of the future church? Unless spirit filled Christians come to the front and accept the responsibility of leadership with its varied problems, our church administration will be dominated by godless men who will seek to further their own desires, rather than to further God's work. If this situation occurs, soon there will no longer be a church that believes in salvation and a change of heart. However, this condition need not take place. We who know Christ must be willing to bear our cross and accept the challenge that the song writer gave: "Go forth, go forth and battle for the right." The powers of darkness can be defeated and the church can be triumphant in spite of Satan.

The true church has a grave responsibility. It must be able to



satisfy those instinctive urges within man that the world cannot satisfy. The only true satisfaction in life comes when we are in harmony with God's plan for our lives and are obedient to His call.

Instead of offering mere form, the church must offer a living religion; a religion that is able to solve the complex problems of life and satisfy the heart.

The success of the future church depends upon how well we, with God's help, will fulfil our calling. Some are called to preach, some to teach, some to be laymen; but regardless of our life's work, we are perfect in God's sight if we are doing our best in His service.

In this age of science and apparent disregard for religion, it is necessary that the church buckle on the whole armor of God and stand secure on Bible teaching. The changing conceptions of man and prevalent disbelief should not discourage the church, but should arouse a passion and a concern for lost humanity. The church of Jesus Christ is the only answer to world peace and social security. But if the church fails, what then? The church need not fail, and it will not fail if we obey the cry, "Onward, Onward, Church of God."

*Laurence Mullen*







# A Minister

I do not presume to have any rigid plan for myself as a pastor in the Church of Tomorrow. But at least I have a general outline of what I consider the essentials for a minister of the Gospel.

First and foremost, I heartily concur with the words of that great herald of the Gospel, Charles G. Finney, who said, "Preacher, save thyself!"

For myself, I desire full salvation and all that it implies - a purified heart, constraining love, and the power and insight of the Holy Spirit. I want to be full of prayer, faith, and the Word. I want, as St. Augustine said, "to be inebriated with the love of God." In short, I want to "save myself."

Not for myself alone, however, do I desire this, but that I might be enabled to lead others into this holy experience. The multitudes still do not know our Lord in redeeming, transforming power. And as a result the broad way that leads to destruction takes in many smaller paths winding their way through every hamlet, village, town, and city.

This awful, eternal loss of human souls to God and the church must stop! And the only power capable of stopping it is redeeming grace through Jesus Christ! "The blood that cleanseth from all sin" is the only remedy! Therefore, I intend to proclaim this message of cleansing blood and redeeming grace: "Come ye sinners, weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, full of pity, love, and power."

Furthermore, the sheep need a shepherd. They need a shepherd who knows where the greenest grass is, where the deepest wells are - the wells that never run dry. Many good sheep have gone astray because of the lack of a leading, helpful, patient shepherd. For this reason I must guard myself every minute; stay close to the deep wells; and walk where the light of



God shines brightest.

Thus have I been called, and thus have I set my course: first, to save myself; second, to save others; and third, to lead the flock of God. As Isaiah of old, after his transforming vision, said to the Lord, even so I say, "Here am I, send me"; and I may add, whenever, however, wherever.

*Charles Collier*





# A Missionary

Today Christ needs ministers, missionaries, teachers, grocers, and engineers, who will serve Him faithfully in each humble task. If I would be a Christian, I must find my place in His church and fill it the very best I can. What is my place in the church of tomorrow?

I was twelve years old when the Lord first whispered to me that His will for my life might take me far away from my home and family across seas to strange lands. When I finally arose from the altar, it seemed to me I had been praying there for hours. I was young, but the significance of the message stunned me. That night as I lay in bed staring into the darkness of my room, it seemed to me that I was looking into the darkness of my future. How could I leave my home and the most wonderful parents any girl ever had? The days and years have passed very swiftly since that night, but the call is still burning in my heart.

Missionaries from many different countries have held services in our church. Some of these men and women have been guests in our home. As I have listened to them tell about their experiences, my attitude toward my call has completely changed. What a privilege is mine! No longer is it --- how can I leave my home and family? Now it is rather --- how soon can I be ready to leave --- probably for India?

During these years, some inward fear kept me from telling anyone about my call. But as it came close to the time for me to leave for E.N.C. where I would begin to prepare, I realized that it was my obligation to acknowledge publicly what I felt was God's will for my life. It was not long until an opportunity presented itself when I could tell my Mother. I shall never forget the look on her face when, after a few minutes, she turned to me and said brokenly, with tears streaming down her cheeks:



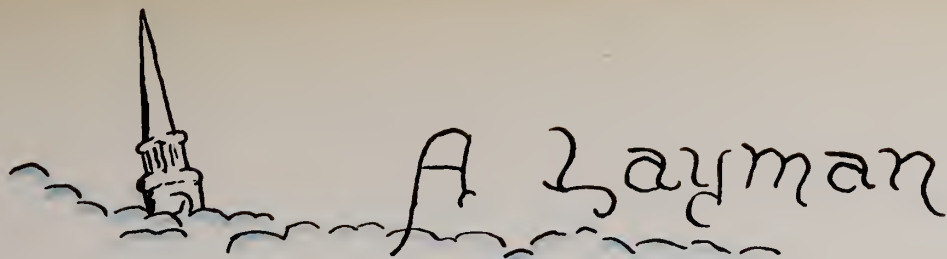


"Since you four girls were born, I have been praying that the Lord would use one of you for missions; He has answered my prayer." For a long while neither of us could speak.

The main work of a missionary is to tell the story of Jesus to those who have never heard. But in order to make this work successful, even missionaries must have diversified talents and training. This is my problem: shall I be a preacher, a teacher, or a nurse? Hospitals have always fascinated me, and I have wanted to be a nurse. But as I pray for the Lord's guidance, it seems to me He is saying, "Go further than nursing; be a doctor." A doctor! It would mean eight long, strenuous years of studying. I am still not completely settled on this problem, because I don't want to begin this huge task unless I am sure it is the Lord's will. Humbly and sincerely I am saying, "Thy will be done."

*Marilyn Emery*





As far as I know, my part in building the future of the church will be that of a layman's. Although this work is mostly in the background and out of the limelight, yet I believe there is a tremendous ministry in it. The reason for this is that laymen represent all walks of life outside the clergy and therefore are able to reach scores of people untouched by church officials. At present my particular lay work is to center around dentistry. Let us see how this calling relates to building the future of the church.

There are at least two types of dentists. One is the man who is practicing just for the sake of earning some money and making a living. The other is the man who, although material needs and concerns enter in, wants to help mankind physically and spiritually. The latter is the type of dentist I want to be. That is, one who can offer help physically as well as spiritually. But, you say, how can a dentist give spiritual aid when the receiver's mouth is open and full of hands and instruments? That's

all the better, for the patient can't talk back, but you can tell him what you please. I agree, however, that this practice would not be too practical from the standpoint of concentration on speech as well as work. This does not hinder me from witnessing, for there are times for necessary pauses such as to change drills and mix up compounds. During these moments the dentists can start a conversation or lead up to some spiritual truth.

This brings us to another point, that the dentist's office provides an ideal setting for a testimony. The patient is in a more or less relaxed position and, for the time at least, forgetful of the hustling and bustling affairs of world and home. Except for the possible pain or fear of the dentist, his mind is clear to think about spiritual truths.

The patient's pain or fear of the dentist will hinder verbal



testimony by the dentist, but in relieving the pain and proving himself to be harmless, the dentist gives a good testimony. After having his pain relieved and his fears abolished, the individual is thankful to the dentist and has faith in him. Accordingly, these results plus a Christ-like spirit will glorify Jesus Christ.

Since coming to E.N.C., I have felt the desire to be an effective dentist for the Lord. I pray I shall be, not for my honor and glory, but for His. This will be my part in building the future of the church of Christ.

*Paul Gray*

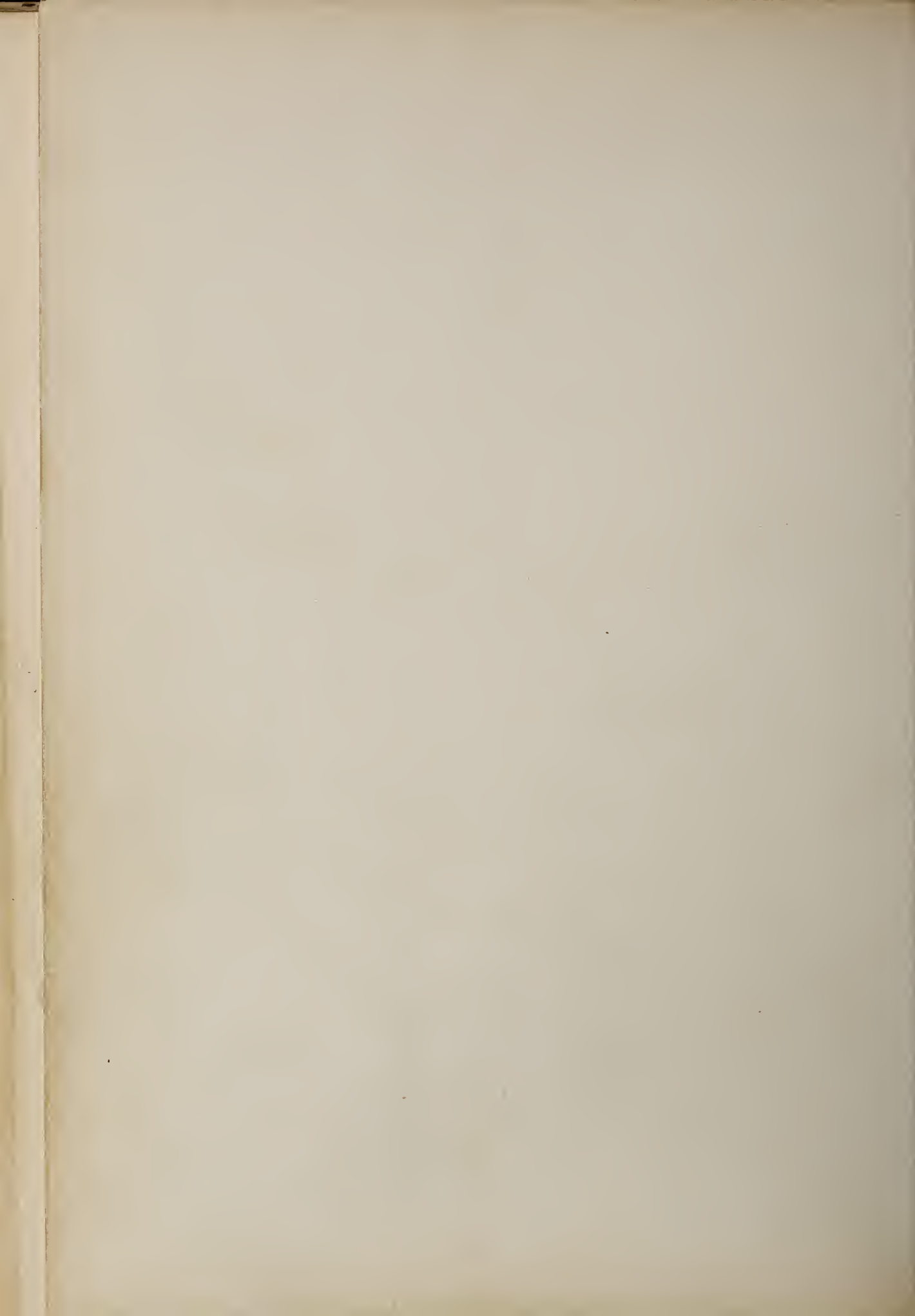












# Classes

"Give me Knowledge. ...."







# Knowledge Plus Wisdom

Perhaps you wonder why I don't leave a dissertation on wisdom and knowledge to the philosophers. I shall of necessity leave the profound thoughts to them, but I have some simple ones that are clamoring for attention.

I've been often made to wonder just what is the relationship of knowledge to wisdom.

I realize that all knowledge is not received in the classroom, library, or study hall, but I choose to consider only that kind here.

Let us go first to the history classroom. Have you ever wondered what need there was of burdening your mind with such facts as the rise and fall of Rome, triple and double alliances, Napoleon's wars, the intricacies of monarchies, republics, and federations, and hundreds of other events all past now? What does all this have to do with us?

The wise person knows these facts are invaluable in helping him understand people, in opening his eyes to world conditions now, and in making him keenly aware of the significance of the period in which he lives and his responsibility in that period.

And in the biology laboratory --- why all the bother about cells and tissues? Why pick to microscopic pieces the food we eat, and spend hours finding precisely what happens to it after we eat it? What's the importance of knowing which muscles are reflex, and what happens to the nerves when they receive stimuli? Why study the development of a chick embryo, and why all the fuss about genes and chromosomes?

The wise student comes to see that an appropriation of this knowledge will give him poise he never had before. He sees that even



a slight knowledge of how wonderfully he is made makes him more aware of his moral and social obligations. He realizes that he must give his best physically, as well as spiritually, to the succeeding generation.

Maybe you detest the study of grammar and composition. Why, you ask, tear a sentence apart and examine it bit by bit? Why keep constantly upset trying to find new words for your vocabulary? Why ruin a perfectly good essay or book by worrying about the author's philosophy, style, and purpose? Why spend hours trying to put on paper a few thoughts or descriptions that you know no one really cares about reading?

The wise student realizes that perseverance in his study will help him think more clearly, will give him insight into situations and personal needs, and will give him ease of expression, both written and spoken. Wisdom tells him that somewhere, sometime, there may be a person who will be interested -- extremely interested -- in what he says or writes. He knows that vital decisions of some souls may be made on the basis of what he says and how he says it.

Just what is the relationship of wisdom and knowledge? Which is more important?

I think wisdom can be defined as that God-endowed power which enables us to learn and live best. Knowledge is an accessory to the condition already made possible by wisdom.

The Bible expresses this relationship beautifully in the proverb: "Through wisdom is an house builded; and by understanding it is established: and by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches."

*Frances Brett*





Lat. Mon. Nov. 12 --- Test, revw. conj. and dec., trans. revw.  
Herc., irr. fero, volo, nolo, etc.

This notation is found in my assignment book under the heading "Latin II." However, as written above, it is much more legible than the original, for there the words slant on all angles from horizontal to vertical and much of the necessary punctuation is missing. Furthermore, the page is covered with boxes, circles, "doodling," and other motley insignia. Generally I am not able to translate much of my shorthand, but today the stimulus of the word "test" has strengthened my memory.

Evening arrives, and it becomes dark inside my being as well as outside the house, for the prospect of several hours of concentrated study disarms me. Tonight there is no escape, and no consequent appeasing of the conscience, for the work must be done.

Sadly I open my book to page forty-four. Conjugation of verbs, active voice, present system, conjugation I, present singular, --- portō, portās, portat, portāmus, portātis, portant --- yes, that was such a good game this afternoon. Fine plays, healthy exercise, and a good --- wait a minute, I've got to stay on Latin. Remember what Professor Lunn said about holding your mind on the subject. Concentration --- that's what I need --- concentration.

Next is page forty-six. Declension of nouns, first declension, nominative singular, --- rosa, rosae, rosae, rosam, rosā, rosārum, rosīs, rosās, rosīs. That's fine --- just right --- that's the way to learn things. Concentration is what you need --- yes sir, concentration. Wonder what I'll do tomorrow night --- not much homework tomorrow. I ought





to go out somewhere; this homework gets you down. I think that I'm studying too much --- feel as though I'm cracking up. Yes sir, that's what these colleges do to you --- you're going along fine, and then all of a sudden --- Poof! You're gone. Think I'll look in the mirror --- just as I thought; bags under my eyes, eyes all bloodshot --- Uph! What a face!

Guess I better study Latin. Hercules is on page sixty-six.

"Frater Hercules magna vocē exclamavit" --- hmm, it's all Latin to me. Let's see --- "frater," that means brother --- Hercules' brother --- "exclamavit" means "exclaimed," I guess. Now --- Hercules' brother exclaimed - "magna" means great, and "voce" --- let's see, voce, voce, voce, hmm --- ZZzzzzzz ---

Tuesday morning dawns, and the fifth period class comes to order. The pupils take their papers, while mulling over in their minds case endings, perfect tenses, and all the other minutae of the Latin language. The questions run like this: I Conjugate portō - Pres. Act.; II Decline rosa; III Translate story of Hercules. I pick up my paper with its blank surface. My mind is blank, too. Let's see --- portō, portās, portat, portāmus, portatīs, --- Ugh!

*Bruce Berry.*





# English As It Is Spoke

If I said it happened on E.N.C.'s campus, it would be shocking. If I said it was a Lit. major talking to a History major, it would be still more shocking. Yet, the following conversation was overheard not so long ago.

"Whatcha doin?" yelled "A".

"Nothin. Why? Whaddya want?" answered "B".

"Nothin?" yelled "A".

"Well, why don'tcha do somethin' instead of runnin' around like a hen with its head cut off?"

You say, "It's a good thing Prof. Span or Dean Munro didn't hear that!"

Yes, it is a good thing they didn't. But how many of us talk in such a manner without realizing what we are doing. The young people of our colleges and universities try to show off their education by using big words and by making their sentences sound complicated; yet, the students run together the common ordinary words until they practically murder the English language.

I remember in particular a few years ago when I was taking a course to prepare myself for working in a defense plant. The first six weeks consisted of classroom work and lectures about machines and their operations. The instructor was a college graduate, and it seemed that every time he opened his mouth he used very poor English. Some of his favorite expressions were: "It ain't no good no more; it's all wore out"; or "Fixin' it like that don't help it none. It's gotta be sat upright." At first my sister and I thought the mistakes were accidental, but we soon found out that they were natural for him. He had two degrees and



yet his English was of the worst.

Some students think that because they aren't English majors, they can use any kind of English. We know the people expect us to use correct and proper English. I have in mind another incident that shows the laxity of college students in regard to correct English.

A young ministerial student from E.N.C. was preaching in his home church one Sunday evening during the Christmas vacation. About four weeks later, one of the church members told the pastor that he was very much disappointed in the student's use of English. This man remarked that although he didn't use correct English himself, he thought that our college students ought to be more careful.

A person's character and personality are revealed in his use of his native tongue. Poor English not only reflects unfavorably on ourselves, but also has a tendency to ruin the reputation of our school.

Whether we are Lit. majors or not, let's keep our English up to college standards, not grammar school.

*Ruth Brown*









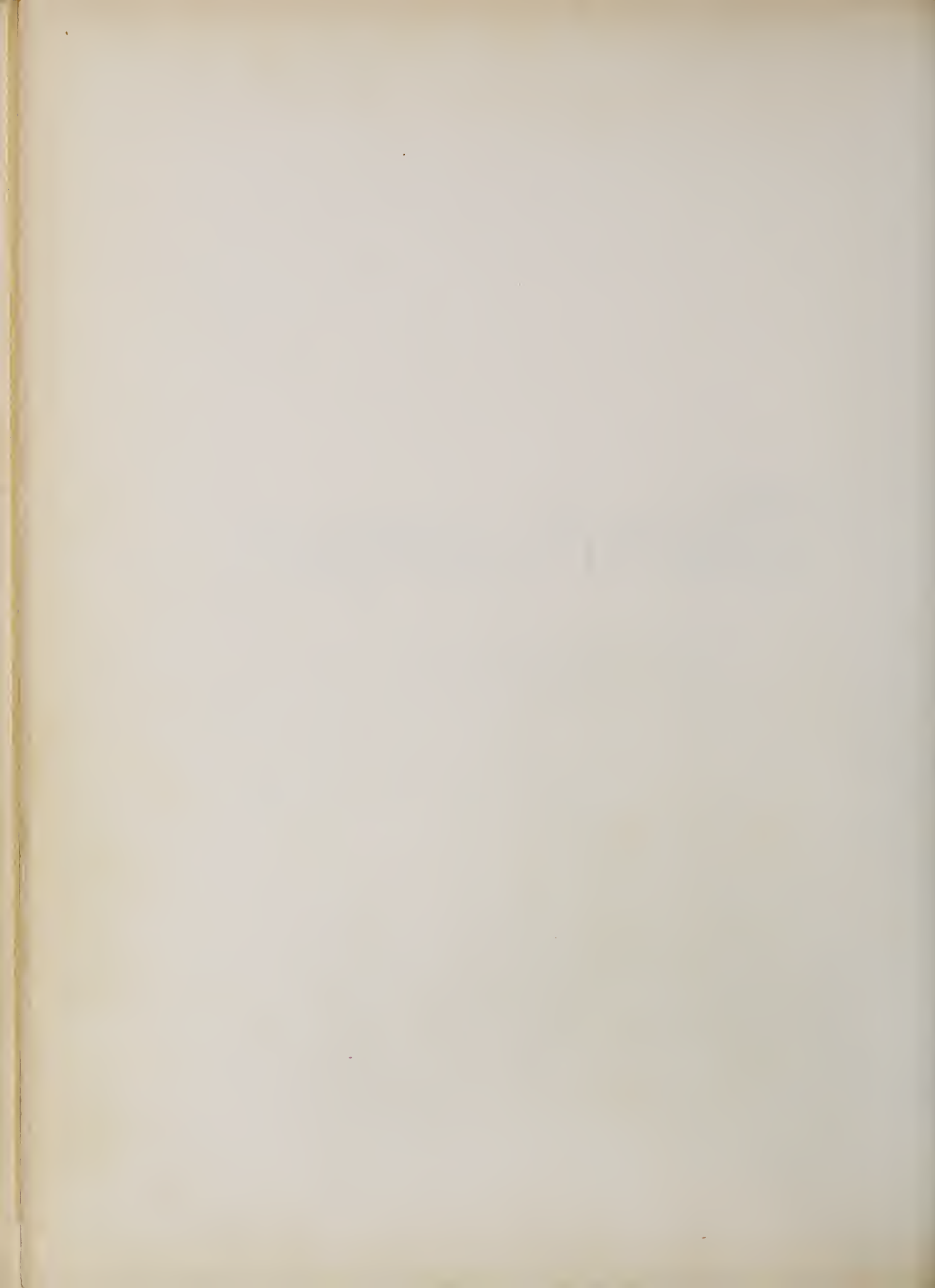




# Servicemen

"That Which Was Our Duty....."







## Army To E.N.C.

I stepped from my plane into the searing heat reflected from the tarmac. Trudging along under the weight of 'chute and camera I began to visualize myself at E.N.C. A natty blue tweed, wine tie, white shirt, loud sox, and black and white shoes -- and don't forget that little discharge pin. How many more months must I wait?

On the way past Headquarters later I noticed a crowd of the boys clustered around the C.O. For once in his life he was favored with their smiles. Made curious by this strange phenomenon, I wandered over to see what the score was. Somebody clapped me on the back, shouted some foolishness in my -- "What? Clear tonight?" --- I was on my way before the captain finished his list. Four days later, polishing that little gold "homing pigeon" on my lapel, I boarded the Kansas City-an for home --- and E.N.C.

After two months of home cooking and trying to learn that I could go anywhere I wanted, however I wanted, with whomever I wanted, whenever I wanted, I took off for E.N.C. Having spent five months at Marietta College in Marietta, Ohio, I can see more clearly the contrast between Army training and that given here. The first incident which really brought it home was the taking of the Scholastic Aptitude Test on Registration Day. I had taken several of these at various times in my Air Corps training. Immediately I settled down to start. Professor Groves, however, called the class to prayer and beseeched God to help us in our work. That day will live in my memory for the rest of my life.

The Christian atmosphere, the almost universal friendliness of the students, and the helpfulness of the faculty stand out like



neon lights on the backdrop of ordinary social relations in the world. To say I appreciated them would be an understatement. The experience can be likened to the return of an American to the United States after a prolonged absence. Once more I am pursuing my calling. Once more I am following a familiar pathway. Once more I am free to live for God among a people who "love His appearing."

I might mention one other point of contrast that exists. During most of my training I was allowed off campus or off post only two nights a week. At one time ten weeks passed before I could get to town and church. (Most of the chapels offered little in the way of spiritual help). When revivals came I couldn't attend. Thank God for an opportunity to get to a Holiness meeting here at school. We don't learn to appreciate them properly until they've been taken from us for a period.

Let me say here that E.N.C. is far beyond my expectations. It is one of those few objects that look better at close range than from a distance. God bless my alma mater.

Neal Mc Lain





# final Victory

V-E Day had come to Washington D.C.!

All day Monday and Tuesday the clerks in the War Department offices had been listening to rumors originating from radios in private offices and coming through news channels until the least of us knew negotiations were in progress between the Allies and Germany.

Work was an incidental matter that day. Everyone was keenly interested in knowing whether the peace had been signed. Varied human emotions were in evidence. So much had been at stake the last several months, but now it was almost a reality to some that sweethearts and husbands who had been serving long, hard months in combat would be coming home.

Just as distinct as exultant emotions were those running low. We had only to glance down the long row of desks to view girls whose sweethearts were in the Pacific area. They well knew that the war against Japan would be an "all out" campaign now. There could be little hope that the ones around whom they were building their futures would be excluded from the horrors ahead. Neither could any of us forget the numerous calls from the Casualty Branch lately — requests for overtime workers to take care of the notifications of casualties. Almost everyone had responded at times to these calls and was aware of the increasing lists of deaths, wounded in action, and prisoners of war. There were no rosy dreams that these lists would decrease until Japan was conquered.

In our office a few were solemnized as they thought of the diplomatic problems facing our nation. They wondered how we could possibly bear the responsibility without infinite strength and wisdom, two things few of our leaders were earnestly seeking.





The final announcement that surrender terms had been signed was on Tuesday night. We were in our monthly foreign missionary meeting when our pastor brought the news and expressed plans for a season of prayer following the business session. I'm sure we all felt the importance of special prayer for Germany at a time when we were concentrating upon world missions.

As I went home the crowd on the bus, street car, and streets showed the usual spirit. Wholesale frivolity and rejoicing were not manifest.

V-J Day now became our topic of conversation, and the end toward which we hoped. Lunch hours and lull moments in the office were occasions for discussing the Pacific and Tokyo exploits. Neither could we escape from these discussions at home. The radio news reports from the Philippines, Hiroshima, and Tokyo were with us morning, noon, and night.

Then came the days when the atomic bombs were dropped. Many of us wondered how long Japan would bear this catastrophe. There was an awful feeling portrayed in everyone's speech --- a feeling of fear and deep pity for the Japanese, relieved only by the expectancy of an early surrender.

On Monday before V-J Day I left Washington and on Tuesday was visiting my brother in a small town in West Virginia. Early that evening we heard the announcement that Japan had accepted peace terms. The reporters talked about the lifting of rationing on some foods, the government employees' holidays, and revelling until we wearied of the whole picture.


We also heard about church services, large and small, formal and informal, but I wondered as I prayed if we were going to do more than offer thanks and rejoice that our boys would return soon. Were we going to



accept the peace as freedom from personal inconveniences and sorrows, or as a responsibility and challenge? Did we intend to be the same small people, and let Japan go on as before? Or did we intend to prove ourselves big enough for the job thrown at our feet, and work with whole hearts to give our former enemies a program of loving Christian service?

*Frances Dorsett*





# My Reaction to World War II

I do not like war because it is the antithesis to peace. Peace to me is the embodiment of all that is worth while in life. The very meaning of war is to resort to force against another. If two individuals felt there was no way other than violence to settle their differences, then a fight would follow with possibly the innocent man being injured. However, war, as we know it today, involves whole nations with the weight falling upon soldier, civilian, and the helpless alike.

In the few years I spent in the navy I had the opportunity of visiting on board a submarine. I was shown the living quarters, and was amazed to find thirty-two men must live in a compartment twenty-four by twenty by twelve feet. The central section comprised batteries which furnished the craft with its moving power. The front portion was given over wholly to four torpedo tubes. These tubes were circular compartments loaded with one torpedo each. The torpedo is fired by allowing compressed air to force both water and torpedo out of the tube. The missile then proceeds to the mark under its own power.

I was taken back to the operating room and directed to look through the periscope at three corvettes anchored in the harbor. As I watched the ships idle at anchor, the thought slipped into my mind --- what a machine of destruction this is! How must the man feel that stands where I now stood, and commands, "Fire the torpedoes"? He sees a big hole blown in the side of the liner, and then watches innocent people move from this earthly realm to the next. But this is war.

At dawn a Canadian aircraft carrier approaches slowly. A big hole is torn in its side, a not unusual occurrence to those who watch the ship as it glides past. Some are even heard to comment on the im-





pending tragedy. A few days before, British and Canadian forces fought a close action with a German task and submarine force. One of the three torpedoes hit the carrier and ripped a large hole in its side - so large that the order to abandon ship was given. Before the whole crew left, the Captain decided there was a chance to make port. The men, although shaken by the blast and knowing some of their friends were dead in the flooded compartments below deck, continued to carry out faithfully their jobs. So one more brave action was performed in a world gone awry with this thing they call war.

Unfortunately war does not confine itself to the sea and air. Defenseless cities rock beneath tons and tons of bombs showered down from the skies. A red glow skyward can be seen as flames devour portions of buildings still left standing. The morning light reveals burned and charred homes that once rang with childish laughter. All is sadness, but with the coming sun life breaks forth anew. The people that are left must carry on.

What can we hope to gain from war? It brings nothing but heartache, misery and hopelessness. So now we, who have tasted of the fruit of war at home and abroad, must work together to stop any future war, which for any civilized nation can spell only complete destruction.

Al Windsor













# Social

*"A Man That Hath Friends ...."*





## It's A Date

I have often wished I were a boy. If a boy wants to take a girl out, all he has to do is ask her; if a girl wants to be taken out, she must cast some seductive glances and wait until the oftentimes thick-headed member of the opposite sex catches on! However, my wishes have been in vain and here I am learning the tricks of the trade with my sister coeds.

What a girl goes through waiting to be asked out is close to nerve-wracking, especially if some of his friends have told her that he is going to ask her. As the time for the Friday night program draws near she rushes madly about. If she thinks he'll be at the library she suddenly remembers that back reading report in history; if he is habitually at the Dugout she becomes desperately hungry and must have a devildog. The common reaction if he is in the library is to see him and go out the opposite door, leaving the history report until next week; the Dugout brings a somewhat different reaction --- she just isn't hungry any more and she must have her rest. So out she goes, wondering why she never noticed before how cute his hair grows down the back of his neck.

Wednesday is here before she knows it. The normal girl gets out of bed feeling extremely down-hearted. "If he doesn't ask me today he needn't think I'll go! I'm not a last minute date!!" The poor girl sits through her classes not hearing a word. The big moment arrives sooner or later and the boy, out of breath from chasing, finally gets the idea across (in several approaches known to males alone) that he wants her to go to the program with him. She accepts demurely after the traditional moment's hesitation. Up on her bed telling the collected gang about it, she knows she has been mean to let him chase her that way,



but it didn't seem to hurt him after all. He'll have to work for her if he wants her.

Friday night finally arrives with a made-to-order moon. Has it only been forty-eight hours? No, it can't be! The fish they had for dinner was good, but she just wasn't hungry. The shower is taken for fifteen minutes yet, but she can have it after Jean gets finished. Up goes her hair and she pulls out her attire for the evening. He said he'd be here at half past seven and that leaves only forty-five minutes. When she is showered, powdered, combed, and dressed she finds that she still has ten minutes to wait. Ten minutes seems like an eternity when you have nothing to do but wait. She's in a turmoil. She picks up her clothes, straightens the room, tells her roommate she looks wonderful, answers all sorts of questions and, in general, is a nervous wreck. Then the buzzer rings --- the little "dot-dot" that she has been waiting for. "Whose buzzer is that?" can be heard coming from all directions. With an outward calm, which she certainly does not feel inside, she puts on her coat and starts for the door. She stops with a feeling that she has forgotten something --- handkerchief, comb, "mad money?" Suddenly she remembers. Racing back to the vanity she looks at the collection of perfume bottles and grabs Matchabelli's "Come Hither" and dabs it behind one ear. Suddenly seized with a spasm of fear, she takes the cork out of "Aloof" by Faberge and dabs it behind the other. Her progress down the hall is followed by the traditional cat-calls.

Her pace slackens as she reaches the last flight of stairs. Clasp ing her hands in one last fervent prayer for help she calmly descends the steps where he is waiting. Her heart skips a beat --- that beautiful tie.

How proudly she walks to the Canterbury and in the door! He helps her off with her coat, and sees that she is comfortable. She feels



like a queen --- and loves the feeling. The evening goes off wonderfully well and she comes in at eleven with a date to go walking Sunday afternoon. It takes only about three minutes for all the old veterans to gather on her bed and her roommate's to hear how the new recruit made out. Thus begins a new E.N.C. campus couple.

"Ah, nothing is so sweet in life  
As love's young dream."

*Becky Palmer*







There was definitely no chance this particular morning for any offender who was inclined to remain quietly in bed. Early in the morning before any intention of getting up had entered my head, I heard the invigorating, although anything but melodious, strains of an improvised band. It served its purpose quite well, however. If from nothing else but curiosity, heads began to protrude one by one from the dormitory windows. Sleepy eyes gradually and reluctantly awakened. The day had literally started off with a bang.

At eight o'clock all good E.N.C.'ers dressed in suitable work clothes, congregated in the gymnasium. Here the rules and regulations were read and each student was assigned to his position for the day. School spirit ran high. All joined in singing the song of their alma mater. This was going to be one day when tired minds could relax and the muscular system could receive its much needed workout.

There were tasks enough for all. Some raked leaves, some pulled weeds, but everyone was busy. Along with the work there was much hilarity about the campus. Everyone seemed delighted to spend a day out of doors. Even though the weather was quite cool no one seemed to be suffering from its effects. Our activity served to keep us warm.

At about mid-morning a very welcome treat was passed around. Each working student drank the steaming coffee and ate the cookies that were served. After this brief recess activities were resumed at an increased rate of speed. As the morning passed on a gradual transformation took place on campus. It began to look trim and well kept. It soon looked like a campus that we could rightfully be proud of.



Before we knew it the hands of the clock had slipped around to noon and lunch time. You never in your life saw a hungrier group of young people. Our appetites were ravaging. How good everything tasted! After we finished the meal we relaxed while listening to music and a few humorous scripts.

After the meal a few more industrious folks went back out to finish what had to be done. The majority of the students, however, must have felt that their legs and backs were aching enough as it was and relaxed for the remainder of the day. Some, not anxious to forget what had been accomplished, went about with cameras taking pictures.

Another center of interest was a soft ball game in the afternoon. Tired and weary fellows rallied their strength for a strenuous game.

All too quickly evening came. Everyone was exhausted. Tired backs and aching muscles were a result of the day's events. Most students early in the evening found their beds to be the most welcome source of pleasure.

This was campus day. I shall never forget it. The day did a lot of good for the students, and from all the evidence the students themselves did a lot of good.

Marilyn Brown





## Third Floor Menagerie

A sudden clatter of feet, an outburst of shrieking cries mingled with sighs and exclamations are common sounds on the third floor of Munro Hall. Such sounds frequently come from specimens locked in iron cages, but this time they originate from students locked in plastered rooms.

Occasionally some of the prisoners escape, and as we glance into the hall we can see a group of magpies gathered in a corner chattering about everything from rhetoric themes to evening gowns that they are wearing to the Valentine party. I could join them, but no! That philosophy report must be in tomorrow; so I proceed to get my glass of water. The monkeys never settle down; and just as I am about to open the bathroom door one skips by and snatches my glass from my hand. Another cautiously sneaks up behind and unties my belt, then with a peculiar little titter disappears into the next room. There she interrupts the peacock who is proudly displaying her new gown before the mirror. Where one monkey is, her mates soon gather, and the poor peacock is helpless.

They don't stop with untying her belt but toss her into bed. The mixed chorus of groans, screams and laughter soon seeps through the crack in the door and spreads to the end of the hall. The hawk at the monitor's desk is roused and she creeps suspiciously to the scene of action. As she taps on the door she hears a sudden shuffle, and when the door is opened all is clear. However, hawks can see farther than the average bird, and she stands with a look of satisfaction as she calls her victims from their places of seclusion. The monkeys slowly crawl from under the beds and race to their rooms.





The philosophy book is opened once again, and the subject becomes very interesting. As I close my book a knock sounds at the door. My nextdoor neighbor pushes her way in, and slyly asks to see my Greek exercises. Yes, we have foxes on third floor too, --- but that's not all. The ten o'clock bell rings and the elephants are turned loose. Elephants of all sizes stalk up and down the corridors and disturb the monkeys, foxes, peacocks, and even the little beaver who had so conscientiously prepared her lessons for the following day. The doors are opened and everyone attends the nightly conference to discuss the happenings of the day. The canaries always sing the loudest when there is competition and soon can be heard above everyone else.

When all of the participants are satisfied with their accomplishments for the day, some of them join the seals and perform their midnight tricks; some join the woodpeckers and hammer another nail in preparation for open house; others find the wise owl and seek some inspiration and ideas for a term paper; but there are some others who join the pandas at the window and entertain the wolves who are housed in another section of the menagerie.

Oh yes, there are the quiet moments, and the longer one exists on the third floor of Munro Hall, the more she realizes that quietness comes by "moments" only. Dawn breaks much too soon for most of us, but it is then that we see the polar bears of third floor taking their ice cold dip to relieve them of the effects of the night before. The canaries begin their early morning singing, the monkeys tuck their foolishness away, the peacocks adorn themselves in skirts and sweaters, and the dormitory is deserted.

*Margaret Lemon*









*Kodak Minicolor Print*

# Miscellaneous

"In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him....."







# Chemistry Beehive

Carefully I pour the thick black solution onto the filter paper in the funnel. Now I can sit down a few minutes and rest my weary back and legs. I gaze around the lab. I can't understand the tense feeling which grips everyone and everything. But suddenly I know the answer. Today our experiment is the analysis of an unknown, and one little mistake means ruining a whole day's work and getting little or no credit.

Some of the apron garbed students are working slowly and cautiously, making sure that every deliberate action is exactly the right step. Others, probably thinking about the baseball game soon to start, rush here and there, mix solutions furiously, and feverishly scribble notes in lab books.

From my desk next to the door I look toward the front of the room. Yellow and blue Bunsen burner flames flicker silently on every desk. Clean test tubes on racks are waiting patiently to be used, and others are full of orange, blue, and white solutions. Wash bottles of all sizes with their tubes projecting at various angles, test tube holders, beakers, and evaporating dishes clutter the desks.

The air is hazy with fumes and smoke. In one direction I smell choking ammonia gas, and in the other the pungent odor of acetic acid. Gas is escaping from a burner on the next desk. Then suddenly "rotten egg" gas overwhelms all other odors in a sickening sweep. The smell is so strong I can taste it. Will I ever get out in the good fresh air?

A splintering crash rudely interrupts my musing and I hear the woeful remark, "Gone, one 25 millimeter graduate!" Cheerfully his neighbor consoles the unlucky chemist with: "At least you're making use of your breakage fee." Several students wait patiently to use the H<sub>2</sub>S generator;



others are writing in their lab books. Across from me one adds acid to his solution drop by drop, muttering, "If that precipitate doesn't come out soon -----!" The distilled water container on the shelf above my desk is in constant use. One student is making a bead test, dipping a wire into the Borax heap on his desk, holding it in the flame, and dipping it again. Another tests his solution with litmus paper, adds a few drops of reagent, and tests again. Meticulously my neighbor measures out ten centimeters of a bright red solution. Several students are using the reagents on the side shelf.

I jump back into action. That filtrate must be through by now. Carefully I lift out the paper and scrape the residue into a little beaker, pour in the required amount of water, and put the mixture on to boil for five minutes.

Suddenly someone rushes by me. A race? No, the boy at the next desk took too deep a whiff of his solution. He throws open the window with one sweep of his arms and gasps the fresh air.

Marilyn Emery





# A Daisy Now and Then

The manner of my milking was routine. The milk cows stood in a row of iron stalls. The old sookies rattled their stanchions while they chewed their cuds and waited patiently for their turn. Finally I arrived at the next to the last cow to be milked.

After picking up the Surge milker, I spoke to the animal. "Move over, Calico. Get your foot over. Come on and be a good girl this evening." Calico raised her mire-mucked hoof and set it down while grating the cement. Then she gave a moo and I knew that she was telling me to come ahead and milk her.

I slipped in beside her and set my milker down. I pushed the end of the hose on the faucet of the air compressor and turned on the spigot. As the pulsator began clicking I put the test cups on the cow's udders. Quietly Calico stood while I huddled close beside her, testing the tubes to see how near done she was.

I could feel my smallness beside the large animal. However, I had no fear of Calico. I had milked her for three years, but I had not milked the cow which was yet to be milked. I knew, too, that nobody else had milked that fresh heifer either. As I finished stripping Calico I began to dread starting the next animal.

There wasn't any sense in dreading it any longer. So I crawled out from beside the cow and emptied the milk into the can. I gritted my teeth as I tapped my last cow Daisy on the back. Feebly I commanded, "Get your foot over, Daisy." Daisy must not have understood me correctly because she gave her foot a swift stretch backwards. Her hoof collided with my knee cap, and I landed with a thud upon the pavement.

In a daze I looked around about me. I realized that once I had





been milking. I got to my feet and picked up the milker. I stepped to one side of Daisy, tapped her with the rubber hose, and called sternly, "Get over, Daisy." She kicked again, only this time it was in mid air. I struck her with the hose and watched her body cringe.

Then I saw her change her mind about being milked. Tediously I slipped one teat cup on her udder and watched her kick it off. I struck her again and then tried to put on the teat cups. Without giving me any trouble whatsoever Daisy stood there as meek as a lamb. While squatting there beside her I cringed with fear on the inside, but I was as brave as Daniel on the outside. I could not let the cow know that I had fear.

At last no more milk came through the tubes, and I was finished. I slipped from beside the fresh heifer and gave a relieved sigh. Milking for me was routine, but it was not everyday that you milked a fresh heifer.

*Mona Badders*





# Gyp The Customer

"We've got to make a profit regardless of what means are used," a supposedly successful meat manager tells his employees. Because of a terrific meat shortage the store doesn't bring in very much money selling meat, but it must make a profit somehow in order to compensate; therefore, two major methods are used.

A truck-load of pork has just arrived at the market. Pork is very scarce and the customers are hungry for any meat other than plentiful lamb. The meat foreman expects to sell all of it quickly at any price and puts it into the case without displaying a price tag. A clerk waits on a pork-hungry customer and doesn't see any price tag. Therefore, he goes into the back room to ask the price. The meat manager tells him thirty-five cents a pound. Another meat cutter speaks up, "Since pork is so scarce we ought to get at least thirty-six cents a pound." The meat clerk who has heard that story before, goes back to the counter and asks a girl who he knows will tell him the true price. She tells him that it should be only thirty-four cents. This procedure happens many times.

Another day slab bacon with the rind on is put into the showcase. A clerk asks the meat manager the price and is told forty-one cents a pound. The clerk is shocked for that is nine cents a pound above the price ceiling. His conscience won't permit him to sell it for that boosted cost. So he charges a customer thirty-five cents, trying to satisfy his tender conscience with respect to government and management. In the next few minutes, however, all the clerks decide not to charge more than the O.P.A. ceiling, thirty-two cents a pound. Similar occurrences happen almost daily. There are times when one will find three different prices being



charged for the same meat by different clerks. The clerks as well as the customers are many times in a quandary regarding the correct price.

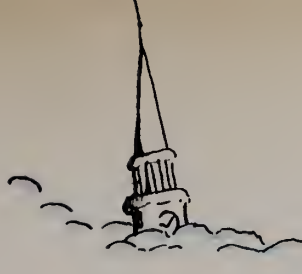
The second method is very similar to the first. A shipment of meat has arrived with a great deal of poor quality meat included. Here's another chance to make a sizeable profit. The store is charged less for poorer quality meat, but the customer won't be. After the meat is cut down into suitable pieces, the poor quality meat is mixed in with the high grade cuts and all is sold at the price for AA meat. The customer helps the store get away with this policy, for almost everyone wants the leanest pieces of meat which invariably are the poorest quality. Even when the clerk tells a customer the truth about the matter, the customer disbelieves him and insists upon the lean, tough meat.

Why aren't these abuses stopped? There are several reasons. The biggest reason is that the shopper today is willing to buy hard-to-get meat at any price. Also, many meat managers are out to make profits only, to increase their standing with the head offices. The head offices, however, usually don't question where the profits come from; they only accept them. The O.P.A. has placed ceilings on meat, but these ceilings are flagrantly broken by the majority of establishments. The meat clerks might try to sell the meat at the legal price, but many don't know the O.P.A. ceilings and don't care. The motto today is "Gyp the Customer."

*Al Stiefel*







# Music And My Life

Music has always been a part of my life. My interest began when I was a youngster and has grown in proportion to my own growth ever since. I can remember when Mother would put us four children to bed, then sit at the organ at the foot of the stairs and sing the old hymns while we listened and drifted into sleep, literally on wings of song. Mother has a beautiful voice and the effect of distance coupled with our sleepiness made it more beautiful. It was a comforting, peaceful end to a full day. Even now whenever I hear "The Church by the Side of the Road" I go back in memory to that time when we would beg Mother to sing it over and over again until we finally fell asleep.

While I was in grade school, I always looked forward to Friday afternoons when the big radio in the music room was turned on and I could listen to Walter Damrosch while he brought music down to my level and made it live for me. I owe much of my present love for music to Dr. Damrosch and his insight into the mind of a child.

Our music class in junior high school featured the classics and semi-classics. We learned how each selection came to be written and how the story was developed through music alone. In this way I gained a keener appreciation of music, and as each selection was played the complete story flashed upon the screen of my mind. I formed the habit of trying to catch the mood of any music I might hear and to discover what the composer was trying to convey through his music.

Because of this habit, opera never seemed dry or above my head as it does to some people. It was music sometimes inexpressibly beautiful and sometimes just ordinary, but always music conveying some





message to me. The Saturday afternoon broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company have been a source of enjoyment to me for many years. It was fascinating to listen to the summary of the story and then follow it as it unfolded and progressed to its climax.

Another radio broadcast that I especially enjoy is the Boston Pops Concert. I became acquainted with some of my favorite overtures through this program.

I have found that no matter what mood I am in I can find a record in my library that will either fit my mood or snap me out of it. If I am elated I can hear that elation expressed in "Gypsy Strings". If I am nervous and restless, the "Poet and Peasant Overture" can calm me and relax my taut nerves. If I am moody and pensive "Solvieg's Song" from the "Peer Gynt Suite" forms a perfect background for my thoughts. If I am sick and need cheering up, the "Patter Songs" from Gilbert and Sullivan meet the need exactly. For pure enjoyment there are Tschai-kowski's "Fifth Symphony," Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite," "Concertina for Clarinet," "William Tell Overture," "The Italians in Algeria" and a host of others.

Yes, music is a part of me from the simple beauty of "Abide With Me" to the challenging force of "Finlandia". Music lives for me, and I shall be content if I can make it live for someone else.

*Eleanor Allen*





Blackie was a sleek black snake just three feet six and one-half inches long with beautiful shining eyes that glittered like black beads. I first found him one cold autumn morning when he was very young. He was lying in the middle of the driveway, and had evidently been lying there all night, for he was paralyzed with the cold.

I took him home and fed and cared for him a full week before he was able to wriggle. Evidently he liked to be cared for, because he would make no attempt to run away even after he was able to move around. However I don't believe he ever fully recovered from the shock or he wouldn't have been quite as friendly and docile as he was.

As he grew older, he developed regular eating habits. Of course, he ate nearly all of the time anyhow, but he liked his meals served at precisely the same time each day. He wasn't at all particular in his choice of food, although he especially enjoyed boiled cabbage, raw eggs, and raw fowl. As a rule he found his own dessert, which usually consisted of flies and any other insect that was unfortunate enough to within striking distance.

One of his favorite pastimes was basking in the sun on the stone steps of our back porch. He would lie there by the hour, while the sun made the stones almost unbearable to the skin, sometimes dozing guardedly, sometimes snapping to attention to catch a passing insect. Awake or asleep he had a graceful litheness, a certain quality of relaxed alertness that made him very beautiful indeed.

I never thought of Blackie as just an ordinary snake, for as far as I am concerned he wasn't. Never once in any way did he try to



harm me or any member of my family. As a rule he wasn't allowed in the house, but he was very fond of curling up on the pillows I had on my bedroom window-seat. Every chance he found he would sneak into the house and up the stairs to my room, although he never once was found in any other room.

Blackie had a very doggish sense of humor in that he loved to chase the cat. He never harmed her, but he took fiendish glee in sneaking up on poor Kitty as she lay sleeping and in crawling over her stomach just to hear her screech and run. Sometimes they would meet at a corner of the house, and Kitty would turn tail and run with Blackie after her as fast as they both could go. Kitty took to the trees until she discovered that Blackie, unlike the dog, would follow her there. She finally found a retreat on top of the telephone pole.

Even my mother, who harbors an intense dislike for snakes in general, had to admit that Blackie was a pretty useful and likeable pet, and if you had known him, I'm sure you would agree.

Mildred Pepper







# Transformation

Darkness came down like a curtain, separating our campus from all the rest of the world. I peered from my window through the shadows only to see bare ground and trees which looked like large, ugly sticks extending high into the sky. What a dreary evening with no moon or stars, no beauty! Disgustingly I returned to my book which painted a brighter picture of life.

Several hours later I looked out the window again. My spirits rose. What a transformation! Trees and ground that were once black were clothed with silky white snow. The campus was a paradise. It was like a soul redeemed and garbed in the robe of righteousness.

*Martha Clifton*

# Reward

My feet ache, my heart pounds, my eyes droop. I have an elated feeling inside. Can this be love? No, it is victory. After my sweat, blood, and tears plus a few excuses, I have done the impossible! I, Becky Palmer, college freshman, have done what so many others have been trying to do for weeks, only a few succeeding. What higher reward than this? --- I bought a pair of nylons!

*Becky Palmer*





# God In Nature

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork."

These beautiful words of David's clearly expressed my feelings while I stood at the rim of the Grand Canyon and reveled in the scene before me. Yes, all that I had heard of the Canyon was true, and yet the actuality far surpassed all descriptions of the Canyon's uniqueness. I shall never forget the feeling of awe and wonder that passed over me as I stood in amazement and gazed at the Art of God in nature.

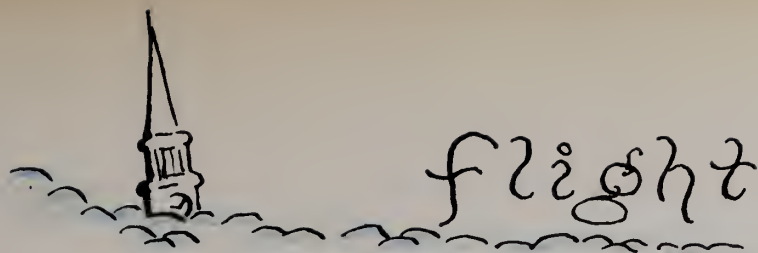
Strange as it seems, I was standing on the rim of a gigantic "hole" - miles and miles long and wide - and thousands of feet high. The depth was so great that I couldn't see the bottom, but as I continued to look I saw a faint winding line of blue which is the Colorado River.

Before I could pull myself away from the place where I was standing the sun, which began to sink in the western sky, clothed the distant mountains with tints indescribable. Rich purple, bright blue, golden yellow, gay red and all the colors imaginable blended perfectly and made a natural moving picture, changing momentarily into a myriad of new hues.

The view so different from anything I had ever seen held me enchanted, but when I came to myself I felt as if God was very near, and the place whereon I stood was almost holy ground.

Alvenda Kinney





A chance glance from the confining pathways of earth into cloudland was like the view of a returning son on the last ridge before the old homestead. The deep caverns flanked by snowy heights invited an exploration. The cirro-cumulas called down the challenge, "come higher". A long, low bank of gray on the horizon warned me that my stay was limited, however; so I leaped from one cloud crest to another. I dived into the snowy depths and came up spouting soapsuds. I climbed my way to the top of a growing cumulus and slid gleefully down the other side. The long bank of gray now covered half the sky and was slowly pushing me back to earth.

Neal Mc Lain

## Retreat

As the tempo of life steps up in its rhythmic beat--- and it has for me---I find myself not infrequently beating a mental retreat. I hear the bubble, and gurgle, and murmur of the little trout stream back in the Alleghenys. I feel the cooling waters rush around my feet; I see the speckled trout burst from the water in an attempt to disgorge the hook imbedded in its mouth. True, it is but a fragmentary retreat; nevertheless it is refreshing, stimulating, and yet, soothing. Now I am prepared once again to swing into the rising tempo of life.

Charles Celler







# Perspective

As I sit here at my desk, I can't help realizing that many others have once lived in this very room down through the years in which Eastern Nazarene College has existed. This fact is brought out to me vividly by the well worn floor, the different coats of paint, and the many layers of wallpaper. In this very room many other E.N.C.'ers before me have studied, prayed, and labored; but now they are scattered far and wide the world over in different types of work. Some have failed; some, succeeded. Some are buried, and others still living. Some have been useful, and others a hindrance.

I recognize that it won't be long till I too will be just another one who has occupied this room and wonder what I will be doing and where I will be about ten years from now. Will I ever be of any use to this old wicked world? Will I really succeed in the ministry?

But my anxious thoughts of the future are quickly subdued by recognition of the fact that if I keep true to God and follow in the pattern that He has laid down for me, the Lord will surely lead into the way that He would have me go and use me for the honor and the glory of Christ and for the good of others. If I keep my hand in His, He will be with me all the way no matter what life has to offer.

*Paul Basham*







## I felt

There were feelings of divers kinds that occurred to me while reading a reserved book for history class. I could feel the earth worm squirming around in my hand; then the small downy feathers of a chicken's breast, the satin smooth hair of a colt, the coarse mane of a horse. I felt again with joy the jagged sharp fins of a fish I had just landed. My dog's nose was cold and wet on my cheek as he greeted me. I walked again barefoot through the cool dark moist earth that had just been upturned by our plow, and my feet were refreshed on that hot day. Then I felt again the hard cardboard cover of my history book, and I forgot about the farm.

Noirine Roth

## Words

Words are like some people that I know. Some are flowery, magnificent and very impressive looking; others, though not so colorful, are concise and right to the point. The first type usually cannot be used in describing the simpler things of life. People who have only one purpose in mind--to make a wonderful impression--are often shallow persons without any depth of character or ideals. The dependable, humble people, like words, can be useful in building the right kind of world in which to live. They are concerned with the simple, down-to-earth matters of living. Their ambition is to live most and serve best. The long, magnificent sounding words may be used very effectively for exhibition, but without the "ands", "buts", or "ins", our language would be without any foundation.

Barbara Greene.





# Appreciation

The privilege of receiving a college education that is permeated with holiness! What if I had to choose between Christ and an education? . . . After all He has done for me, I would rather have Christ who shall never pass away than to enjoy the profits of an education for a season . . . . But how wonderful to know that I am receiving my education and growing deeper in grace each day. The friends at E. N. C., the spiritual atmosphere, and the human, understanding, spirit filled professors make me realize what a privilege it is to be on of E. N. C's students.

*Margaret Lemon*

# Infinity

As I have studied chemistry and physics together, I have come to a deeper realization of the infinite God. The laws both chemical and physical which govern the universe neither overlap nor fail to govern all. They hint at the supreme knowledge of the Creator. The recent release of atomic energy astounds me when I think of the potential force and destructive power locked in the mass of the universe; but God created this power and energy and constantly subjects it to the laws of His creation. As I try to comprehend the real power of God, my thoughts travel out---strike the very walls of infinity themselves---then rebound. God's infinite; but what is infinity?

*Joe Granger*





# Dream Realities

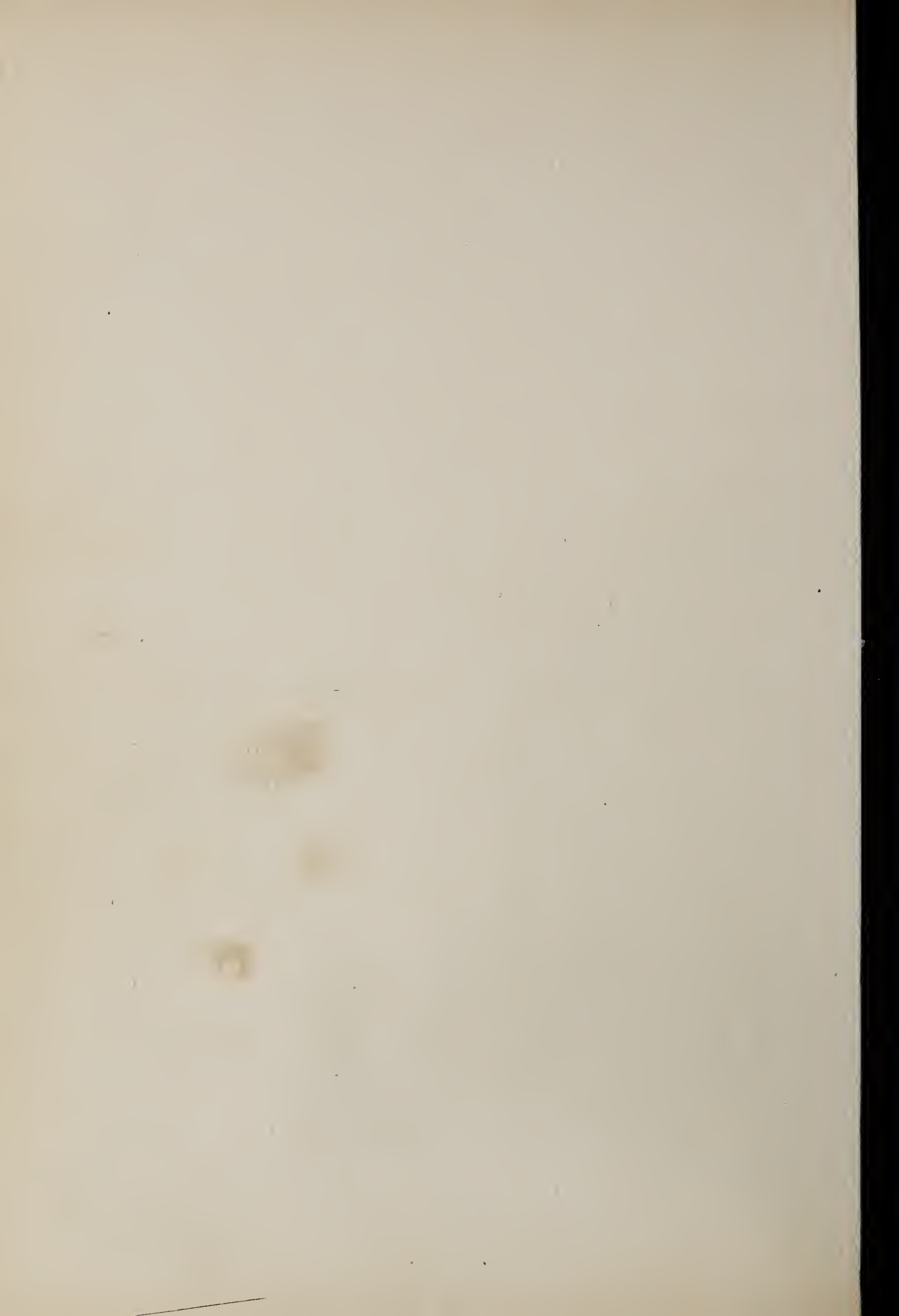
During the summertime, I find myself, even in my busiest moments at the factory, absorbed in memories of E. N. C. I treasure my first glimpse of the campus. The sunlight on the snow made a beautiful setting for what had once been the Josiah Quincy Estate, but which was now teeming with much youthful activity. Dormitory life---will its varied pictures ever fade? Those forbidden midnight talks, and the big closet in which a girl could easily hide until the monitor had left; the little benders which never quite succeeded; the hair-setting sprees; the hours spent at the desk toiling over impossible assignments--these are a few vivid scenes of Munro Hall. Impressive chapel services; ping-pong tournaments; the unforgettable Dugout where the pushing, milling crowd of young people clamored for hamburgers and devil dogs; Friday night basketball games and the cheering crowds with their good-natured bickering and banter; Campus Day with the resulting well swept lawns and tidy flower beds at the cost of stiff muscles and aching limbs; class prayer meetings in Room 25; and then Junior-Senior Day---caps and gowns, new dresses and suits, and a beautifully decorated gym; finally, Commencement evening and the last good-byes as we leave for home. All these are lively memories of E. N. C.---sharp, clear pictures that time can never erase.

Naomi Newton









# Sports

"The Body Is The Temple....."





# Girls In Sports

Our freshmen girls entered into E.N.C.'s athletic program with much vim and vigor.

Since there was no field day this year our girls didn't have a chance to participate in any of the traditional contests, such as the broad jump and the relays. Nevertheless, the basketball season brought much close competition between the freshmen and the other various teams.

In their opening game with the sophomores, the freshmen girls trounced the sophs 37 to 14. Outstanding guarding featured this win with Doris Aslin bearing the brunt of the attack under the basket. Other star players were Eileen Albright, Margaret Taylor, and Mary Jane Fike. The favored seniors finally won the class championship, but they had to overcome the freshman team to do it.

The society games found our freshman star, Eileen Albright, playing good basketball for the Alphas; also for the Alphas, Doris Aslin, Ada Haywood, and Naomi Newton proved to be a great addition to the team. Mary Jane Fike and Sally Brickly played regular ball for the Betas, and the Gammas were strengthened by the addition of forward Marilyn Emery, who played fine ball for them.

The ping-pong tournament also finished with Eileen Albright coming up in first place. The freshman class was well represented in these tournaments.

These are our freshmen girls in sports --- we are looking forward to seeing more of them in coming years.





# Calendar

- September 11 - Registration Day  
12 - First revival - Rev. Lauriston Du Bois  
13 - Classes began  
17 - Freshman Initiation  
18 - Rush Day  
19 - Pres. Samuel Young Inaugurated
- October 1 - First Freshman Class Prayer Meeting  
12 - Nautilus Picture Day  
Fall Party
- November
- December 14 - MESSIAH presented by A Cappella choir and Miriams  
18 - Christmas banquet  
20 - Classes dismissed for Christmas recess  
21 - Slept and ate all day
- January 3 - Classes resumed  
5 - Working on research paper  
18 - Finals all over  
22 - Registration Day  
23 - First class of new semester  
28 - Senior Sneak  
31 - Servicemen's Banquet
- February 1 - Box Social  
8 - Valentine Party  
12 - Dedication of New Wing of Munro Hall  
14 - Beginning of revival with Dr. H. Orton Wiley  
28 - Girls' Party featuring the "Old Maids"
- March 4 - Exams (Mid-Semester) begin  
22 - Spring recess begins
- April 2 - Classes resumed  
13 - Miss Durkee and Mr. Bynon united in marriage →  
21 - Easter Sunday  
Sunrise Service at 6:30 a.m.  
Musical program presented in evening service  
22 - Campus Day  
30 - Junior-Senior Day
- May 17 - Final examinations begin  
25 - Alumni banquet; baccalaureate sermon; Class Day;  
to commencement  
28 - Commencement Day





Haywood, Ada - genial personality...eager...gay  
Hensley, Edith - happy-go-lucky...breezy...refreshing  
Hoshmatian, Cora - dependable...faithful...deliberate  
Jackson, Doris - witty...spicy...talented  
Jackson, Rogene - studious...quiet...thoughtful  
Jones, Esther - fanciful...carefree...ladylike  
Jones, Glenavee - carefree...kind...dependable  
Jones, La Verna - industrious...thorough...jolly  
Jones, Madelyn - natural...bustling...light-hearted  
Jones, Winnifred - genial...well-liked...spontaneous  
Keffer, Ruth - willing cooperation...blushing...dependable  
Kinney, Alverda - genuine...persevering...appreciative  
Kish, Marion - modest...unassuming...industrious  
Lapp, Louise - lively...droll humor...friendly  
Lemon, Margaret - cooperative...industrious...content  
Lester, Beatryce - coy...unwavering...fanciful  
MacCullum, Doris - willing to help...studious...modest  
Merchant, Violet - "Mazie"...carefree...feminine  
Merrits, Althea - tasteful simplicity...thoughtful...attractive  
Meeker, Tressa - blushing...crowning glory of red...friend to all  
Mills, Carol Lee - generous...neat...attractive  
Mink, Juanita - helpful...conscientious...deliberate  
Newton, Naomi - amicable...takes responsibility...genuine  
Palmer, Becky - happy-go-lucky...friendly...Spanish trio  
Pepper, Mildred - industrious...active...daring  
Plant, Betty - well-liked...obedient...content  
Plumb, Grace - shy reserve...charm of manner...dainty  
Rank, Mary - deliberate...natural...droll humor



Shaw, Madelyn - reserved...sincere...faithful  
Shope, Patsy - generous...sweet personality...sincere  
Shuman, Thelma - carefree...good sport...generous  
Smith, Eleanor - poised self-possession...neat...friendly  
Tingley, Treva - neat...reserved...bashful  
Thurber, Marjorie - industrious...serious...moral fibre  
Walker, Ruth - jolly...responsive...amicable  
West, Margie - industrious...poised...Miss from Oklahoma  
Wheeler, Natalie - deliberate...faithful...purposeful  
Witmer, Elaine - efficient...reserved...earnest



Andrews, George - leader...good singer...ability to make friends -- especially with girls

Basham, Paul - poetic...sincere...industrious

Berry, Bruce - musical...intellectual...swift to hear, but slow to speak

Brown, Arthur - talented...pleasing personality...soft spoken

Brown, H. Weston - flashy ties...married...intelligent

Bula, Ronald - quiet...foreigner from India...history student

Burkhart, Marvin...easy-going...neat...slow mannerisms

Campbell, Ray - studious...calm...clear thinker

Carpenter, Ray - musical...a joker...history major

Coller, Charles - determined...intellectual...married

Dell, Jack - poet...artist...imaginative

Dodge, Kenneth - full of fun...original...has potentialities

Flemming, Floyd - handsome...lithe...works hard

Granger, Joseph - studious...bashful...puckering smile

Grant, Bertram - individualistic...humorous...farmer from Maine

Gray, Paul - fond of books...sincere...quiet

Goodnow, Robert - progressive...professor's son...intruder at girls' party --- "skunky"

Hathaway, Dudley - reliable...good sport...bashful at times

Jones DeRand - willing to help...flashes of wit...purposeful

Mullen, Lawrence - pleasing disposition...intelligent...Canadian

Morrison, William - self expressive, helpful...dry humor

Miller, Kenneth - sincere...determined...bashful

Neal, Paul - boy preacher...jolly...commutes forty miles daily





Rich, Albert - determined...hard worker...individualistic

Scott, John - athletic...ability to get along with other people

Scott, John D. - joker...never in a hurry...steady

Stanley, Gordon - friendly...athletic...has his troubles with the women

Stiefel, Albert - honor student...affable...dependable

Swift, Alton - quartet member...bashful...conscientious

Williams, Roger - carefree...never in a hurry...social obligations





## Humor, ask

Alpha-Gamma Game

Spectator to Gamma: What's the score?

Gamma: 10 to 0, but we haven't been up yet.

---

A business man waits a long time for service in a post office.

Finally, he runs up to a girl and says: Do you believe in the hereafter?

Reply: I surely do.

Business man: Well, I'm here after a book of three cent stamps.

---

A negro preacher to a member of his congregation whom he saw with a watermelon: Say, man, did you come by that watermelon honestly?

Reply: I sure did! I came by it honestly for two weeks.

---

Young boy to mother: Ma, can I be a preacher when I grow up?

Mother: Sure, Pet.

Boy: I suppose I'll have to go to church all my life, and it's a lot easier to get up and holler than to sit still.

---

Prof. Spangenberg to class: What does the word building remind you of?

George Andrews: Passing out pledge cards.

---

Hostess to Winnie Jones: Does anyone want this bread?

Winnie: I'll take Moore, if you don't mind.

---

Paul Neal: William James, why do you always look around when we pray in class?

William: I live by the scripture ---"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."



City fellow to farmer: What kind of potatoes are you planting?

Farmer: Raw ones.

---

The reason God made man last was to keep him from meddling in Creation.

---

Married men are accused of being deserters, but it usually turns out that they are refugees.

---

Why is politics like the movies?

Answer: You can't see what goes on behind the screen.

---

According to divorce courts the U.S. is fast becoming the "land of the free", but E.N.C. is still the "home of the brave" --- they aren't afraid to get married.

---

Time is like the ocean. The minutes and hours, like waves, roll in and are gone; yet the ocean and time still remain.

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## BOYS:

MISSIONARIES  
PASTORS  
EVANGELISTS  
DOCTORS  
DENTISTS  
HISTORY TEACHERS  
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS  
FIVE UNDECIDED

## GIRLS:

NURSES  
LIBRARIANS  
GRADE SCHOOL TEACHERS  
ENGLISH TEACHERS  
LANGUAGE TEACHERS  
MUSICIANS  
MINISTERS  
MISSIONARIES  
DOCTORS  
DOCTORS' RECEPTIONIST  
TWENTY-SEVEN UNDECIDED







FRIENDLIEST

Barbara Greene  
Albert Stiefel

BEST ALL AROUND

Naomi Newton  
Albert Stiefel







MOST MUSICAL

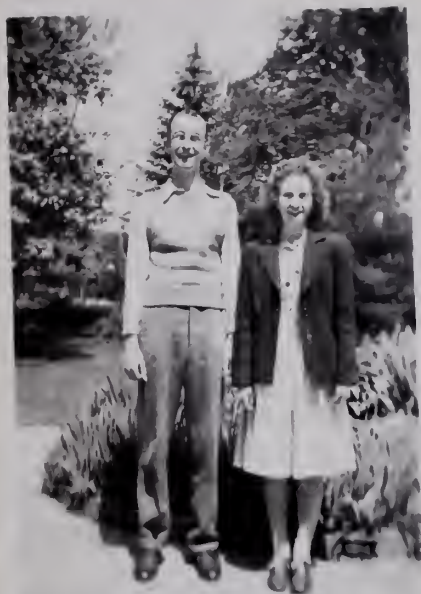
Ruth Brown  
Bruce Berry

BEST ATHLETES

Gordon Stanley  
Eileen Albright







MOST INTELLECTUAL

Marilyn Emery  
Robert Goodnow

HARDEST WORKING

Helen Dodge  
Albert Rich









WITTIEST

Winnifred Jones  
Bertram Grant

MOST EXTRA-CURRICULA

Marilyn Emery  
George Andrews



















